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SIDELIGHTS ON THE FIELD

THOUGHTS OVER GALILEE

NOT long ago I flew from Beirut, Lebanon, to Amman, Transjordan, to fulfill a speaking engagement. (My pilot friends insist that I merely rode in a plane—it is only the pilot who flies—but never mind.) The whole flight lasted only a few minutes over an hour, but in that brief time many centuries passed, and a vision of the future flashed before my eyes. That is no humorous remark about a man unaccustomed to flying in this part of the world, but sober observation on the view from the windows of the plane.

Once up to some 7,000 feet to clear the shoulders of Mount Lebanon, the course of the flight was straight as an arrow—from a point just inland from Sidon, over the southern peaks, past the headwaters of the Jordan, down the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, high above the Yarmuk Gorge, and steadily on, just east of south, over the hills of Gilead and the plains of Transjordan, to land at Amman, the ancient Rabbath-Ammon.

There was so much to see! Fortunately it was not a very swift plane. Some of the things were very old: Tyre and Sidon, and the site of ancient Dan; Capernaum and Jerash (Gerasa of old). Even as we walked away from the plane, on the runway at Amman, the pilot stooped down and picked up a flint arrowhead that had lain there since the Stone Age. There were new things, too—the marks of man, looking very puny from that height. Such were the railway down the Yarmuk Gorge, the little tracery of fields and roads, the orderly pattern of the Jewish settlements by the Waters of Merom, and the barely-distinguishable course of the pipe-line, bringing the oil of Iraq to the port of Haifa.

Behind it all was the majesty of mountain and of sea: the hoary top of Hermon; the foaming curve of beach

where Esdraelon cuts through to the Mediterranean Sea; the endless sweep of plains stretching to eastward to merge with the desert; and the grim gorge of Jordan, reaching ever deeper into the haze southward from the blue waters of Galilee.

Then particular observations began to stand out from the rest. The Crusader castle of Belfort perches ever so jauntily on its cliffs overhanging the gorge of the Litani River. There is a tiny lake of unforgettable blue, on the southern skirts of Mount Hermon, east of Caesarea Philippi. (I looked it up after, and found I had made acquaintance of Lake Phiala). Gilead is far greener than the western side of the Jordan, in spite of being further from the Sea.

Most of all, naturally, one strains to pick out every spot hallowed by the memories of Jesus. There at the head of the Lake are the ruins of Capernaum. Every road, tree, and house in the neighborhood stands out clearly. Tiberius is bright in the morning sun. Cana of Galilee is easily located. But a stone's throw beyond, or so it seems, lies Nazareth, easily identified by its tile roofs and cypress trees. There is Mount Tabor, and beyond it Esdraelon, with Mount Carmel dimmer in the distance to where it drops into the Mediterranean. Only a few minutes later Ebal and Gerazim are in view, and then Jericho and the upper end of the Dead Sea. It is just too hazy to make out the tower of the Russian Church on the Mount of Olives, and the spires of Jerusalem itself.

Suddenly the whole scene seemed ridiculously small, like a map of the Holy Land on a sand table in a Primary Class of a Church School! From one point over the Sea of Galilee it was possible to see, in a single sweep of the horizon, Haifa and Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, Mount Lebanon and Hermon, with the gorges of the Litani and the Jordan between them, the green groves around Damascus, the black hills of Bashan,

Gilead, Ammon and Moab, the Lower Jordan, the hills of Samaria, and so back again to Carmel by the Sea.

One felt a bit disappointed. All the setting of the lives of David and of Solomon, of Amos, Micah and Jeremiah, of John the Baptist, and of Jesus and his disciples seemed suddenly to be pathetically small. The Holy Land was but a tiny fragment of a great world—a stage far too small for any action upon it to have been of world-wide consequence.

Then I began to look more closely again. There it must have been that Jesus stilled the storm. Just over yonder he called his disciples from their nets to become "fishers of men". There on that shore he had his last breakfast with them. On yonder hill he preached that timeless Sermon. It was on those roads that he walked, and in those villages that he slept. Every acre down below there was holy ground, and every town and hill sacred in the thoughts of the whole Christian world!

Suddenly the two trains of thought met in my mind, and I was inwardly still for the realization of the timelessness of that one solitary life. I felt again the awe of the tough Temple guard, "Never man so spake . . ."; the puzzlement of the disciples, "Who then *is* this . . . ?"; and the glad surrender of Thomas, "My Lord, and my God".

Such exaltation could not last long, as one looked down on villages built as forts, and sensed the hatred and fear in that land where open warfare was so soon to begin—in Galilee, of all places on earth! Yet why not there? Perhaps it was no accident that Jesus lived in one of the most troubled spots of the world of his time. There has not been found any healing for the woes and wickedness of the world but in the footsteps of the Pioneer of Life. That path started in Galilee, and there too must it lead at last to righteousness and to peace.

So I came to share the resolution of Richard Watson

Gilder's Song of a Heathen (Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32) :

If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god—
And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

Alford Carleton
Aleppo, Syria
January 29, 1949

AFTER we left Kasvin we found the wind was drifting the snow across the road. As we went along, the drifts got deeper and deeper. . . . We passed through a little village and reached an uphill section of the road which was as bleak and forbidding as you could ask for. The temperature was not far above zero and the wind was blowing a gale, whistling and howling through the cracks between the bus windows. Fine snow was blowing across the crust of the snow and we could see the drifts getting bigger every minute. For miles on each side the snow stretched away, without a tree or a fence or a house, to the distant mountains, which looked cold and cruel. We got stuck in a couple of drifts, but by charging back and forth got free and went on. Then we hit a real drift. The wheels spun helplessly. We were there for the night it seemed. Already the sun was setting behind the mountains and it was getting still colder. Then from somewhere appeared a dozen or so burly peasants, carrying wooden shovels. Although it was tough work, in half an hour we were able to turn around and head back. When we had gone about two miles we reached the village we had passed through before and stopped. There were two mud teahouses on either side of the road and a high mud wall behind which surrounded the village. We all piled into a tea house and found to our delight that it was warm. What a crowd was in there—bus passengers from three other buses that were following us, as well as villagers. I ordered a glass of tea and a man next to me said, "You are English?" I told him I was an American and he told me that he was a teacher in Meshed. He was looking for a place to sleep and went off. I could see into the kitchen, a low room with a fire-blackened

* This article and the one following are drawn from letters of Clement Scott, Jr., of the American Mission in Teheran. Mr. Scott, a graduate of the Hartford School of Religious Education, was awarded the M.A. degree *in absentia* at the 1949 Commencement.

ceiling where an old man with a beard, wearing a pointed hood on his head, was stirring something in a big pot on the fire. The whole scene made me feel that I was back five centuries in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Suddenly the teacher reappeared and said, "Come with me." I followed him outside and through the gateway into the village of one-story mud huts. We went along narrow little alleys between the houses and through a couple more little gates until finally he knocked at a low door. It was opened and we went into a small room. In the center of the room was a low table covered with a big quilt. Around the table with their feet and hands under the quilt, sat four men. They motioned us to join them but first my friend removed his shoes and I did the same. Then I sat beside him on the floor and put my feet under the table. What a pleasant surprise! It was warm under there, for this was a *coursi* such as I had seen in Teheran. . . .

I was wondering how many bugs there were; in any event, none bit me. Early in the morning we got up and dressed. It was a beautiful clear crisp morning, the temperature near zero, the sun just coming up behind the steep mountains, the wind completely gone. In the clear air the peaks seemed only an hour's stroll away, although actually some of them were fifty miles to the north. As it was no morning to stand around outdoors, we quickly went up to the teahouse. In there many of the road shovelers had spent the night. The smell was pretty strong but it was warm. Some still lay asleep on the hard wooden beds while others were sitting up rubbing their eyes or drinking glasses of hot strong tea. That hot tea certainly tasted good and with it I ate a couple of slabs of flat Persian bread. My hunger was getting the better of my fear of germs. Soon the busdriver appeared and shouted that he was ready to start. The sleeping shovelers were aroused and the whole place echoed with conversation. At last all the passengers were assembled in the bus (my it was cold in there) and the bus was started with difficulty. Then

the shovelers piled into the bus, sitting on people's laps and standing in the aisle. On me sat a short but sturdy fellow about my age, with a reddish beard and a cheerful expression, most of his teeth missing, a peculiar round felt hat on his head, and his feet bound up with long strips of cloth which were also wrapped around his legs like puttees. He kept making jokes which set all the others laughing. In a short time we reached the drift which had stopped us last night and the shovelers piled out and began to work with a will. The passengers got out too and some took extra shovels. It was a good way to keep warm. As the sun got higher, however, the cold became less penetrating. From somewhere about fifty more shovelers came and set to work on the next drift. Where all these people came from in the wilderness I never did find out. Those fellows really worked and the big nine foot drifts that blocked the road began to shrink. By this time four other buses and about a dozen trucks came up so that the number of spectators became almost as great as that of shovelers. . . . Suddenly a shout went up and looking about a mile ahead to the crest of a hill we saw a big truck slowly come in sight, preceded by a band of shovelers. That meant that there was only a mile of road still closed. As the morning wore on we watched the line of trucks and buses very slowly inch along as the drifts were cleared one by one. The buses and trucks coming the other way crept slowly nearer. Finally about one o'clock the two groups met and there was much cheering. All the passengers hurried over to talk to the passengers of the buses coming from the Caspian and the two groups of snow shovelers had a real reunion. Then all the horns blew and we piled into our bus, with snow shovelers again on our laps, and started off in low gear. . . . We climbed higher and higher with glittering white snowfields on every side and coming ever nearer to the dazzling snow peaks. There was not a tree, not a fence, but here and there, clinging to the steep mountain sides, were

mud villages, half-buried under the snow. What the villagers live on I don't know. Here and there along the road were ruins of old inns which have been abandoned perhaps for centuries. Iran is full of ruins of unknown age. Several times we got stuck in the snow but we were shoveled out. Then on a hilltop with a wonderful view we stopped and the shovelers got out. . . . Instead of climbing any more we began to go down and soon entered a narrow gorge with a little stream at the bottom. We wound down a road which seemed to be held by glue to the steep slope and soon stopped at a little tea house. Everybody was hungry and we were certainly glad to see the glasses of steaming tea and then the plates heaped high with steaming rice with pieces of lamb buried in it. By now I had forgotten all about germs. We were a jolly group as we got back into the bus and some began to sing. The driver was hurrying to make up time, whirling us around corners with magnificent views of the peaks above, and down almost a thousand feet into the narrow valley bottom where the sun had already set. Wherever there was flat land at the bottom of the valleys there were little rows of trees and stonewalls. Although on the worst turns a few boulders had been placed along the outside edge of the road, for the most part you could look down without any impediment. There was still snow on the road and in most places it was so narrow that I did not see how two cars could pass. The sun was getting lower, casting deeper and deeper shadows in the valley bottoms, yet the ranges of the snow peaks looked more and more dazzling. Here and there now bare rocks were showing through the snow. Once or twice we passed flocks of goats but how they lived on snow and rocks was a real mystery. Finally the snow practically disappeared and we stopped at a teahouse to take off the chains. We hurried along beside the river, which now was quite large, passing more nameless ruins. Then around a turn in the road, just at dusk, we came

upon green trees. In a few minutes we came into a town with rows of olive trees along its streets. Coming from the snow to this greenery reminded me so much of coming down from Switzerland into Italy. We stopped again at a tea house and enjoyed the smell of the olives in the evening breeze. . . .

VIGNETTES OF LIFE IN TEHERAN

HERE it is another beautiful Sunday, clear and cool. The sun is shining on the green leaves of the tall sycamore trees in front of the house and on the small patch of grass that the old gardener is watering. Just a few minutes ago I walked up to the corner to buy a paper, passing all the little shops where all kinds of things are being made. Of course this is a working day here; the holiday is Friday. There are no large stores here at all, in spite of the population of 700,000. Instead there are thousands of small one-man shops. It is fascinating to watch things being made. Just across the street from the Mission Gate is a brush-maker, who sits cross-legged on the floor, with his glass of tea beside him, putting brushes together. Next to him is a little cafe with tables where men can be seen sitting all day long drinking tea and talking and sometimes listening to the radio. (Poorer people do not go to a cafe but buy their tea from a man who sits with a samovar on the sidewalk.) The radio here broadcasts music which sounds very queer and monotonous to our ears. We can also hear Russian stations, especially in Baku, quite clearly and their music sounds much more intelligible. Some of it is splendid—such as the Cossack songs. Going up our street (Stalin Avenue) we come to a tailor, who sits cross-legged sewing, and then to a grocery where there are mostly fruits for sale—all kinds of delicious melons, small peaches, pears, fine apples, wonderful grapes and fresh figs. Next is a sign-painting studio where a man and several boys paint signs all day, some in Persian, some in Russian, some in French and some in English. Then on the corner is a flower-seller who just now has beautiful chrysanthemums in all colors. Around the corner hang a number of shabby-looking men peddling the strangest assortment of wares. Their chief stock is red and blue plastic combs but they also sell forks

and spoons, dark glasses, fountain pens, bath towels, pictures of Mohammed, pictures of Christ, pin-up girls, whisk brooms, hot water bottles, nail polish and whatever else is available . . . I have just been to Sunday School and Church. Sunday School is really very interesting. In my class are Persian, Russian, Armenian, Indian, Czech, and American children.

On Friday I took a real step forward—having my first Persian lesson. It was only for an hour and I didn't learn a great deal, but it means a lot to be getting started. I am going to use Dr. Laubach's book. He was here a year ago and helped set up a system of books and courses for illiterates. After almost two months here, I am disappointed at knowing so little of the language; however, this is not surprising as all my contacts are in English. A number of years ago the government asked the Mission to close the schools for Iranians; now there is hope that they may be re-opened. I should love to teach in such a school but of course could not without knowing Persian. As I am getting to know more of the work of the Mission I am impressed by the tremendous needs that are left unmet. For example, the Mission has only five hospitals open; there is a crying need for three or four hundred good hospitals throughout Iran. Of course there are some government hospitals but they are very few. Millions of people live and die without medical care. A doctor who recently spoke to the school told us that one person out of three in Iran has trachoma and it is very infectious. In other sections malaria is prevalent. Only a very small percentage of the people can read at all. And yet the United States is urging the government to buy more bombing planes, costing over \$100,000 each. Of course there is a real danger from Russia, but many of the people here feel that America's efforts to help Iran build up an air force and a stronger army will result in an easy victory for communism because the common people

will get disgusted with the steady increase in taxes, which are already high.

. . . This was the day I had arranged to go with Mr. Bucher, a very fine minister here, to the slums in the south end. It was still snowing hard when we left the main avenue and started down a narrow alley between two high mud walls. Underfoot lay a squashy mixture of mud and snow. On either side reared the high brown walls and above the snow-filled sky. We went a short way and then took a side alley to the right so narrow that we could easily touch both walls. A few men in rags passed us, their thin hands holding their shirts about their necks, and their feet, covered only by thin Persian slippers, sinking ankle deep at every step into the mixture of mud and snow. Mr. Bucher knocked at a little door in the wall and an old woman opened it, holding a thin dirty torn veil about her with a thin gnarled hand. All the poor women wear these long veils which are draped over the head and reach to the ankles. We went down five or six steps and found ourselves in a little yard, with a mud floor. In the middle of the yard was a small dirty round pool on which a skim of ice was forming. The woman motioned us to a low doorway. We had to stoop as we entered a little room about the size of the sunroom in mother's house. It took our eyes time to become adjusted to the semi-darkness. Then we made out two girls about twelve and fourteen sitting around the *coursi* in the middle of the room. The *coursi* is a very small stove which is completely covered with a big blanket. To get warm you put your hands and feet under the blanket. This was the only means of heating the room and here it seemed even colder and damper than outside. A terrible smell of unwashed bodies and rotting food and dirty toilets filled the room. In a corner stood a woman of about thirty who once had been handsome; now harsh lines were drawn on her face and her eyes were inflamed with the symptoms of trachoma. Near her was a

cradle with two babies' heads just peeking out from under a dirty blanket. The woman began speaking to Mr. Bucher in Persian and I gathered that she wanted some medicine for her children. He told her that she must bring her babies to the clinic. As they talked I looked at all their worldly goods placed in niches in the wall, one oil lamp, a box of matches, a piece of broken mirror, some chipped clay pots, some dirty rolls of bedding. As I stood there I tried to imagine what it would be like to live there, but it was too far beyond my experience to imagine. Even dressed in a thick suit and overcoat I began to shiver with the damp and cold. Next we stopped at a door with a panel of glass in it and entered a room which was filled with men. In one corner was a tile stove on which stood a big teapot. On a table were many little glasses for tea. Around the walls of the room stood platforms something like beds about two feet above the mud floor. On these the men squatted or kneeled. A terrible smell was here, too, but added to the smell of dirty bodies was a different odor. I noticed that it came from the long pipes which some of the men were smoking. Some of them had an empty vacant look in their eyes as if their thoughts were very far away. The dirt, the disease, the cold, the dampness didn't seem to mean anything to them. They had escaped from it.

Our next stop was at the clinic. Here in a small room a doctor in a white coat was examining people with all kinds of troubles. Most of them looked scared. It is only when they are badly ill that they get up courage to come. This clinic has to serve a slum area in which several thousand live, most of them suffering from two or three diseases. There is a need for twenty clinics, with only money enough for one . . . Now it is evening and I am back in my warm, snug room, but I am still thinking of the people in the south end.

THE INDO-HYDERABAD AFFAIR

September 13-20, 1948

*As seen at Bidar by David A. Seamands (K.S.M. 1946)
And experienced by David Seamands and Paul Wagner
(K.S.M. 1946)**

SUMMARY

1. We whole-heartedly approve of the "police-action" taken by the Indian government against Hyderabad State. We who have lived here know what things were really like. We know the real slavery in which the non-Muslim population lived. We have watched the rise of the right-wing revolutionary Razakars, under the fanatical leadership of Kssim Rasvi, until they finally dominated the State government, and forced even the Nizam to yield to their policy of war with the Indian Union. We have seen the Gestapo-like reign of terror to which the Razakars have subjected the masses of men and bespoiled women, the growing lawlessness and injustice on every side. We, too, have felt the nervous strain and tension which comes from the pressure of continual fear and insecurity. There is no doubt in our minds that *conditions being what they were, such a military step had to be taken*. We are all amazed at the reaction of the American and British press, and the ignorant comments of some of our foreign diplomats on this affair. To compare India's action against Hyderabad with Italy's march on Ethiopia is absolutely absurd. Take it from us who are people of peace, we approve of this action as being necessary under the circumstances.

2. The Military Operation, and the whole attitude of the military group has been on a remarkably high plane. Communalism has been kept out of it to a large extent. Of course, there have been incidents here and there but they

* This material is extracted from a diary of the seven day "war" between India and Hyderabad.

were the exception and not the rule. All the way through, the officers have tried to keep their men under strict discipline and to carry out the ideals of Ghandi and Nehru in this "police action." I'm sorry we cannot say the same for the police.

3. The greater part of the revenge has been taken by the local Hindu populace. In Bidar, every Muslim house and every Muslim shop has been thoroughly looted. The loss mounts to the millions of rupees. The amazing thing was the war-cry of the looters, that was "Ghandi-ki Jai!" Looting in Ghandi's name—Heaven forbid!

4. We don't know about other places, but here in Bidar, God has very graciously used the Mission and the Christian community. They have been "peacemakers", "reconcilers", and the people who have brought the moral pressure to bear upon the authorities, which has kept down revenge as much as possible. It has been bad enough, but what it would have been had there not been Christians there, we don't know. The intelligent people of Bidar—Hindus, Muslims, and Christians alike—have all told us that this was true. Even the Colonel confirmed it one day when he said, "Well, if you two missionaries hadn't been there today, at least 35 people would have been killed." We are grateful for the community-wide witness that God has given through the Christian Mission in Bidar. Over and over again, when we have been thanked, we have tried to switch the matter upwards, and we have said, "It is because we love God that we have served you in this way. Do not thank us, but thank God."

We also must pay tribute to our Indian co-workers. Almost one hundred per cent of them did not run to our compound for protection, but stayed with their village congregations in this, their hour of need. We know that this will mean a strengthening of their influence, and a future inspiration to our village Christians.

It is difficult to say what this witness will mean in the future in influencing people for Christ. It is certainly a matter of vast significance that eight years ago, when the shoe was on the other foot, and Muslims were killing Hindus and looting Hindu shops, thousands of Hindus came running to the Christian community for shelter. And now, when the Hindus have done the killing and looting, thousands of Muslims have come to us for life and protection. Surely God is going to use this witness for His glory in the future development of the Church in this area.

ONE DAY

Friday, September 17th

At 7:30 a.m., Paul and I went on bicycles to investigate the rocket-bombs and to see the town. We found two holes near the civil-surgeon's house, about six feet by three feet, which had missed the fort. The town was practically deserted; here and there only a lone Hindu could be seen. We returned at 8:30, just in the nick of time, for already grass-cutters came running into the mission from outlying villages, crying, "They are coming!" Panic now reached a new height. A whole flock of small Muslim children were placed on my front porch, but we made them remove their fezzes. By now, all the remaining people were rushing to the Mission, which was completely overflowing. We put all the women and children indoors, and the men just stood on available verandah space, and when that was full, stood inside our compound walls. By 10:00 a. m., people had actually seen vehicles of war going towards the aerodrome, and the military, and we heard several booms of distant guns. Finally, Paul and I got tired of waiting for them, and decided to go out and meet them at the first gate near the Zahirabad Road. This was, we saw later, *a leading of God's hand*: When we got there, a crowd of about a hundred people were already there. They were almost all

Christians from our Mission side. Just as we walked up over the hill, a small gun-carrier like a light tank, and the soldiers, came into view. Immediately we got our first taste of what this was all about. We saw a soldier talking to a young lad in a green shirt and shorts. Suddenly the soldier shouted, "Run, get out of here!" The youth started running as fast as he could. When he got about forty yards away, the soldier joined the chase and after a brief run up on a small green hillock about 200 yards away, they caught him. "Hold up your hands!" The young man did so, and with the end of the bayonet almost touching his shirt, the soldier shot and killed him. The Lieutenant turned and said, "He'll never trouble anybody again!" They then told us that he had given some trouble to the soldiers when asked to surrender his arms, after some Hindus standing nearby had said that he was a Razakar and had troubled them frequently.

As we walked up, a Lieutenant came over. He said very coolly, "Who are you?" We learned later that, two nights before, the troops had captured a British officer of the Nizam's Army, who was about to blow up a large bridge. Hence the officer was at first suspicious of our white faces. But as soon as we told him we were American missionaries and working here, he smiled and was very cordial to us. However, he could tell by the look on our faces that we did not approve of the type of military "justice" which we had just seen. He then told us that the actual main force of the army had not yet come, but were shortly to do so. They were expecting a big battle, because yesterday's plane had reported that the Fort was full of Razakars. That, we informed him, had been true then, but now the town was empty and could easily be taken without a shot. *We learned later that this action on our part, together with what followed, saved the city from a terrific bombardment which would have meant a great loss of life and property.*

I then informed him that my house was full of arms,

which we had collected. He said I had better go and bring them at once, or I might get into trouble when they searched. Paul and I left on bicycles, and just then the main force began to come in; as each truck came by, the people standing with us took courage and cheered them. Since most of them were Christians and did not know what else to shout, they mostly shouted "Jesu Misee Maharajah-ki, Jai!" (Victory to King Jesus). The officer was amused at this, and afterwards we had to teach them the proper slogans. We returned and collected the ambulance full of arms and ammunition.

While we were doing this, I told Dr. Shanthappa about seeing the young man killed. "Yes," he said, "I've already heard about it. His wife and twelve-day old baby are here in our Hospital, and we don't know what to tell her!" I must confess that I had a sinking feeling in my stomach when I heard this. Having collected the arms, we returned to the Officer.

The Lieutenant said he would take us to Lieutenant-Colonel Ram-Singh, his Commanding Officer. Just as we were leaving to go there, Colonel Ram-Singh came in by Jeep. We were introduced to him and his staff. Since they knew nothing about the town, etc., we asked them to follow us to the Mission, which they said they would make their center for collecting all weapons. When we told them about our loud-speaker, they wanted that, too, and came on to the Hospital. Behind them followed the whole armored unit which had been sent to capture Bidar! Tanks, carriers, jeeps, and lorries. Our Mission was filled with all these. Under the tree by the Doctor's house, we sat and talked to all the officers and had tea together. We also gave fruit to many of the soldiers. The ambulance, with loud-speaker attached, was sent through the town, announcing that all weapons must be turned in. Several lorries of soldiers followed it, and they came back after about two hours, bringing

loads of rifles and swords. Colonel Ram-Singh had gone and Lieutenant-Colonel Kamlanand was now the C.O. and Military Governor of Bidar. He is a Kashmiri Brahmin, fair in complexion, very intelligent, and with very high moral principles.

At about 3:00 p. m., the main force of Infantry arrived and took over our entire compound. The officers had left by this time, and so the Infantry weren't a bit friendly. They posted men all over the place, some with machine guns, one under each tree with a heavy trench mortar. There were three in my front yard. They were tough Punjabis, and convinced that our Mission was full of Razakars. We saw a soldier raise his rifle as if to shoot and then they brought four Muslims to the front of the Doctor's house. They said that they were running. They sent one of them back and he came with a soldier and three rifles and some swords. There is no doubt in my mind that if we had not been there and intervened on their behalf, they would have been shot instantly. The soldiers made them sit there in front of a man who kept them covered for hours.

We came home at 3:30 and had lunch. At about 5:00 a jeep drove in and General Chaudhri was introduced to me. He is a tall, handsome Bengali, and looks every inch a General. He had charge of the entire push from Sholapur. Now he has been appointed as the Military Governor of the State.

Shortly after he left, the ambulance returned again from its tour of loud-speaking, and the driver told us that the Doctor, Paul and I were invited to meet the General. (Only I had met him before.) We cleaned up a bit and went to the Inner Fort. There, the army had discovered the hiding-place of the Razakar equipment. They confiscated the arms, and began carrying out the one ton of gunpowder which was to be exploded in a field nearby. There were also heaps of grain and old clothes, pack-bags, mosquito nets, blankets,

etc. At first they said they would destroy it all, but Paul asked if they would give it for the Mission. "Help yourselves," Colonel Kamlanand said. So we filled the ambulance with useful things for the hospital and returned home at dusk. At about 7:00 the one ton of gunpowder was exploded with a terrific roar, and we learned later that the fuse had backfired and one of the high-ranking engineers who had set it off was very badly burned. He had to be evacuated by special plane to Sholapur the next morning, and they feared for his life.

The evening radio report said that the troops were "nearing Bidar!" At 7:30 p. m., we heard the Nizam's speech, in which he gave a cease-fire order to his troops and withdrew the case before the U.N.O. Strange, but the Muslims had said all along, "When Bidar falls, Hyderabad will fall!" This turned out to be right. The war had lasted only four days and thirteen hours!

After listening to the radio, we accompanied the Doctors outside. There, a large delegation of Muslim men were waiting for us. They literally got down and touched our feet. Some were openly weeping. They had come to thank us, and said, "You have saved our lives." They added, "We have seen the pained looks on your faces many times today, and when we saw that look, we said to one another, 'How the missionaries must love us!'" It was a pitiful sight and I shall never forget the sheer desperation and gratitude on their faces.

Suddenly the news came that looting had started in the town. This was at about 10:00 p. m. Dr. Shanthappa, Compounder John, Paul and I decided to take a walk and see what was going on. We didn't need to go very far to see that every Muslim shop was being looted. During our walk, we heard that several Christians were involved in the looting. I went and got Rev. J. Jacot and together with him and Compounder John, went about in several Christian homes,

making them turn back things they had taken. We told them that the military was returning in the morning and that all we had to do was to tell their names to the Colonel and they would be shot immediately! This scared them and we were able to restore quite a bit of goods. It was this night that we discovered that the military officers, thinking that the prisoners in the District Jail were political prisoners, had opened the bars and freed some 400 men. As most of these men were not political prisoners, but rather ordinary thieves and thugs of the worst order, it is not hard to understand why the looting began so quickly. To bed at 1:00 a. m.

A RECOGNITION OF SERVICE*

CITY UNITES TO HONOR JAMES M. YARD

Seldom has a Chicagoan been given greater recognition for his efforts for the improvement of human relations than was accorded James M. Yard, retiring midwest area director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. More than 1,000 persons crowded into the Hotel Sherman on October 17 at a reception sponsored by 73 organizations in Dr. Yard's honor. They heard Mayor Kennelly, who had officially proclaimed the day as James M. Yard Day in Chicago, join with other speakers in paying glowing tribute to Dr. Yard for his achievements during 14 years of service here.

* *Christian Century*, November 10, 1948. Dr. Yard graduated from the Hartford Theological Seminary in 1909.

IN MEMORIAM

MARY KATHERINE VAN AKIN GATES

A Tribute by Lydia S. Capen

Be Strong!

We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be Strong!

THESE words express to me some of the essence of Katherine Gates' life. It was a life of victory over physical handicaps and many difficult experiences. It was truly a conquest of mind over matter.

Mary Katherine Van Akin was born in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, February 24, 1882, daughter of Charles Wesley Van Akin and Sarah Jane Bouar. Could it be that some of the Wesley fervor entered into Katherine's life from some deep interest and admiration that prompted her father's parents to name him Charles Wesley? Truly she had an indomitable spirit that carried her through life with courage and faith and cheer.

We learn from Katherine's brother that, as a girl, she was not well and spent much time in bed under a doctor's care. She was brought up in the West, as her father took his family to a Kansas farm when Katherine was only six years old. It was here, and in Beloit, Wisconsin, where the family moved after a few years, that Katherine had her grade school training intermittently because of her health. Later the family lived in Janesville, Wisconsin, where her sister, Elizabeth, was married to a Presbyterian minister, Rev. Arthur Amy, in 1899, and Katherine went to High School. She graduated from Beloit College in 1906, and for two

years taught Latin, Greek and English in the Stanley, Wisconsin, High School where the Amy's were occupying the Presbyterian parsonage. From there Katherine went to Detroit as the industrial secretary of the Y. W. C. A. for three years. Here Anna V. Rice (H.T.S., 1913) was General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., 1908-1910. A warm friendship sprang up between the two. Miss Rice says, "She made a fine contribution to our work, which was concerned with a large number of girls in industry, many of them workers in the factories, of which at that time, there were several in Detroit. In a number of ways—such as forming a federation of girls from different industries—the Detroit Association pioneered in those years in methods of work with girls in industry, which later became standard Association program. The ideas were not all Katherine's—a very imaginative past-president of the Association was to a great extent responsible for them—but Katherine was the able and understanding executive of the Industrial Department who made the ideas into practical program. She was also, then as later, outstanding in her help to individual girls. I think of one or two factory girls—and I believe there were more—whom she inspired to go on with their education, and for whom she secured college scholarships. One, at least, of them is now in a position of large responsibility in social work."

From Detroit, both Katherine and Anna Rice came to the Hartford Seminary, Anna in the class of 1913 and Katherine in 1914. Both received the B.D. degree.

Soon after graduation, on July 28, 1914, Katherine married the Reverend Lorin Henry Gates, who had graduated in 1913. They were married in Plainfield, Illinois, and sailed at once for the Marathi Mission in Western India under appointment of the A. B. C. F. M. Mr. Gates was a son of a famous missionary family there. They began work in the Criminal Tribes Settlement in Sholapur in 1914. This

work was a government undertaking, but the mission was asked to assist in the education of these "crims" as they were called. Their work was educational and evangelistic and continued until 1921 when it was cut short by a tragic and sudden motorcycle accident in which Mr. Gates lost his life while climbing the tortuous mountain road to the hill station of the mission at Mahableshwar in Western India, April 8, 1921. Mrs. Gates came home on furlough in July, but courageously returned to the mission in 1923, and for a short time went to Rahnoi for girls' educational work. In 1924, she was adopted by the Woman's Board of Missions and sent to Berokro Hall, a dormitory for school-girls in the crowded sections of Bombay, in which, from 1924-1933, she did a conspicuous piece of work that became widely known. The work was supported by Immanuel Church in Hartford.

Katherine was invalided home in 1928 and again in 1933, when she was obliged to give up her missionary career. She returned to Hartford and took her master's degree in K. S. M. in 1935. In 1936, she was appointed instructor in the Kennedy School of Missions in Bible, Marathi, and Indian Christianity. Her course in Bible dealt with the use of the Bible in the missionary situation and was constructive in every way from the modern point of view. In this, she was of very great service in interpreting the Bible to mission students, helping greatly in adjustments both within and without the institution.

She was also a hard and valuable worker on committees and directed the Speaker's Bureau in the Foundation, in which she did a most taxing and careful work, selecting speakers for various churches and groups throughout the state.

She did a specially fine piece of work in the translation, from Marathi into English, of the autobiography of Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, wife of the prominent Justice Ranade of

the High Court in Bombay. In its own vernacular, the book was a well known classic first published in 1910. Mr. Fairbank of India writes, "Katherine's great interest in Mrs. Ranade came from her social work in Bombay. Mrs. Ranade was herself the most prominent social worker in Western India, called "The Jane Addams of Western India". In the preface of the book, Mrs. Gates says that "the translation was undertaken at the suggestion of Dr. Nicol Macnicol of Edinburgh, Scotland" (who was in 1934-35 in the India department of K.S.M.). "A lifelong and sincere friend of India, he has written extensively, endeavoring to interpret the Oriental mind and character. He is a student of the philosophy and literature of the East. I am indebted to him for his encouragement in the venture and for his help in securing permission from 'The Seva Sadan Society' of Poona to publish this volume . . . The Seva Sadan Society have been generous in their confidence in me, asking merely that I 'do full justice to the memory of our illustrious lady with whom the book deals' ". Mrs. Ranade was closely associated with the Seva Sadan Society in its early years of service for women. Katherine translated the book from Marathi in 1934-35, and this constituted her thesis for the M.A. degree in The Kennedy School of Missions in 1935. She then published a condensed version of the book in English in 1938, entitled "Himself". It only needs to be added that the translation had the warm approval and admiration of Mrs. Gates' Indian colleagues and friends.

The week preceding Katherine's death, she had prepared the India broadcast with Dean Pitt and three India students, for the Monday night series given by the Foundation in connection with the financial campaign to acquaint the public with the work of the three schools of the Foundation. This was recorded and the night before the funeral, Katherine's voice, though silent in death, came over the radio—"She being dead, yet speaketh". She "died in har-

ness" at Hartford Hospital of a sudden heart attack on Sunday morning, March 27, 1949, and the funeral was Tuesday afternoon, March 29, in Immanuel Church, Dr. Stafford and the Reverend Fletcher Parker reading Scripture and Dean Pitt offering prayer.

A teacher at Mount Holyoke once said, "It's all very well to 'die in the harness' but as for me, I'd like a roll in the pasture first." Katherine also was looking forward to a "roll in the pasture" but, with impaired health, she could not look forward so eagerly to the joy of that freedom, and for her, it perhaps solved many vexing problems that she "died in the harness". The fact remains that as the struggle to carry her work became increasingly difficult and her last year was a continual vibration between giving up her work or carrying on until 1950, her final decision, only shortly before her death, was to carry on. Even her summers were not times of relaxation. For at least two summers in these later years, she was on telephone call for the Red Cross, making contacts for veterans with families or friends or vice versa, or locating unknown parties, or answering a great variety of questions. It was exacting work, often late into the night, but Katherine had a gift for solving all kinds of problems and gloried in it. For her, I think it was fun. Even for the coming summer she had considered acting as hostess in a summer home for twenty-eight missionaries or religious workers in Old Orchard, Maine. How well all these last efforts of her life reveal her unquenchable spirit!

She had struggled all her life with ill health, but with utmost courage and cheer, never daunted by physical handicaps, and few even realized that she had them. Sportsman-like she carried out every assignment that came to her, often going to the limit of her strength.

She knew pain and tragedy, misunderstanding and frustration, in her personal life, but she surmounted them all and was incorrigibly cheery and loveable. She entered deeply

and understandingly into the life of countless workers and students, here and elsewhere, and counselled with them in many difficult problems with excellent judgment and good sense. There wasn't a thing on this campus in which she was not deeply interested and which she did not try to get right if righting was needed. This was never done in a mischievous way but, I think, with a profound sense of mission. She walked among us triumphantly and always with a merry twinkle in her eye, and will be remembered for the qualities that bring high faith and courage to life, because of great-heartedness, spiritual vigor and affection.

A line received by her family in a letter and repeated at the final committal service of her ashes in the wheat land, Illinois Country, expresses how we feel about Katherine's ongoing life:

"Death is not extinguishing a light; it is putting out the lamp, because the Dawn has come."

DR. ALEXANDER A. STACEY

DR. ALEXANDER A. STACEY, a graduate of the Hartford Theological Seminary, B.D., in 1937, S.T.M. in 1939 and Ph.D. magna cum laude in 1941, died at Georgetown, Texas, on March 4th, 1949. He was born in Moscow and graduated from its University in 1901. For some years he engaged in the practice of law, in journalism, and in business. He published several books. Escaping death in the revolution he went to Constantinople where he met Mrs. Stacey. In 1923 they came to the United States. Here he taught and wrote. In 1927 he was converted through the influence of a Methodist minister. After his graduation from the Seminary he served as minister in several Methodist churches before being called to Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas. Here he had a brilliant record as a professor of philosophy. He is survived by his wife and one son, Nicholas, a student at Cornell University.

WILLIAM SMITH CONNING

MR. W. S. CONNING, who died on March 26, 1949, was a devoted friend of the Hartford Seminary Foundation. He served as a Trustee from 1921-1945. He was a most important member of the Finance Committee, and a member of the Executive Committee from 1930-1945. He gladly gave of his technical financial knowledge to the service of the Foundation. He was a man of simple tastes, of unquestioned integrity, and of sterling Christian character. The funeral service was held at Immanuel Congregational Church. His memory will be cherished with gratitude by all those who knew him.

CITATION GIVEN TO DR. ELEANOR J. T. CALVERLEY

THE FOUNDATION takes pride in the following citation conferred upon Dr. Eleanor J. T. Calverley, Lecturer in Tropical Hygiene on the faculty of the Kennedy School of Missions.

This

CITATION

OF HIGHEST APPRECIATION

IS GIVEN TO

ELEANOR J. T. CALVERLEY

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE
GENEROUS AND SKILLFUL SERVICE
SHE HAS RENDERED FOR MANY YEARS
TO THE HEALTH SERVICE OF FOREIGN
MISSIONARIES. THIS ACTION IS TAKEN

by the

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

of the

ASSOCIATED MISSION MEDICAL OFFICE

WHICH REPRESENTS MANY MISSIONARY
ORGANIZATIONS

January 28, 1949

(Signed) ROBERT H. H. GOHEEN
DIRECTOR

E. M. DODD
CHAIRMAN

BOOK REVIEWS

HOW TO BE HEALTHY IN HOT CLIMATES

By Eleanor T. Calverley, M.D.

THIS is a first class piece of work. It will be given to outgoing missionaries from now on, for we have nothing to compare with it. Outgoing commercial and industrial men and women will use it too. There are two features which appear in every page: the author's personal experience of many years in one of the hot climates, and her acquaintance with Modern Medicine at its best. The list of authorities in different specialties is impressive and adds to the confidence which the book inspires.

Detailed comment can add little except further commendation. Later editions will be called for, and then experience will probably indicate an expansion of the excellent but very brief discussion of functional nervous disorders and personality traits. A few pages, too, might be devoted to an expansion of the valuable poem on page 5. Microbes really make pretty good eating as any small boy on a farm in America knows. We are in a fair way to develop missionary arrivals who are so worried about their health that they have no time or attention for language study or missionary work.

Dr. Calverley is to be most sincerely congratulated on this book. Frequent editions will give opportunity for revisions. The treatment of malaria, for one thing, will soon settle down to a definite plan. At least we hope so. With such revisions, this book will be a classic and a reinforcement for the missionary enterprise for many, many years.

PAUL W. HARRISON, M.D.

New Brunswick, N. J.

From *The Muslim World*.

New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1949,
pp. 275. \$3.00.

The Theological Implications of the Philosophy of History

By Karl Löwith

A WORK of serious, critical scholarship, Professor Löwith's latest book cannot but reflect honor upon the faculty and the school of which he is so distinguished a member. I predict with confidence that the work will have a long-lasting influence upon the thinking of all who are genuinely concerned with the philosophical interpretation of history.

The thesis which Professor Löwith expounds with masterly competence and in forceful, lucid language is a sombre, realistic reflection of his basic existentialist philosophical orientation. Working back from the modern secularized concept of history, he traces its development to its Hebrew-Christian origins, without however neglecting to contrast it with the Greek views on the subject. He cogently argues that no real philosophy of history is possible in the context of the classical thought which conceives history as a *circular* movement, i.e., as having neither beginning nor end, but repeats itself in ever recurrent cycles. The *linear* concept of history begins only with the Hebrews who believed in the beginning of history by an act of creation, and in a providential goal of history, of which they themselves were the unique subjects. Thus alone is it possible to conceive of a teleological end, and a purposeful, on-going process of history. Christianity has placed at the very center of its message the revelation of God in Jesus Christ—an event which is not the result of the previous natural course of history, but is an act of breaking through of the eternal realm into the temporal sphere. The event implies the universalization of the Jewish concept of the chosen race, inasmuch as every individual believer, irrespective of race, time and geog-

raphy, becomes a member of the "body of Christ." This dualism between the world "which lieth in evil"—the imminent destruction of which the early Christians eagerly expected, and the body of believers united in faith with Christ, forms the basic concept of Augustine's *City of God*. This, then, is fundamentally the contrast between the *Weltgeschichte* and the *Heilsgeschichte*, the profane and the sacred history, which has retained a recognizable, if in detail ever mutable, pattern of the Christian view of history from Augustine's time onward. Even where these two realms interpenetrate, they are ever distinguishable in principle.

It is with Voltaire that the modern secularization of the concept of history began: for he subjected the history of religion to that of civilization, the *Heilsgeschichte* to the *Weltgeschichte*. Hegel continued this subversion by supplanting the faith in the divine providence by the immanent outworking in history of the Absolute Idea. Comte and Marx rejected the religious world view categorically, and substituted for it the "scientific" concept of natural or social force which necessarily tends toward a progressive realization of the historical goal—a "classless society" or other similarly secularized concepts of the Kingdom of God.

Burckhardt "dismissed the theological, philosophical, and socialist interpretations of history, and thereby reduced the meaning of history to mere continuity, without beginning, progress, or end." (p. 192).

Professor Löwith concludes that the modern secularized view of history has lost all meaning, and the only logical outcome for reason is that of resignation; for faith, likewise resignation as regards the "world" but transcended by eschatological hope. In this respect the pagan acceptance of fate approaches closer to the Christian submission to providence than the modern secularized belief in indefinite progress. The difference between the attitude of reason and faith is that the former amounts to a resignation to the "in-

calculability and unpredictability of historical issues," while the latter accepts God's inscrutable will. (p. 199). The Christian still has faith in the eschatological dénouement of history, while the secularist, who has lost faith in divine providence, should logically face the bleak truth of the utter meaninglessness of the historical process. Of course, he usually does not, for his saving sense of inconsistency comes to his aid; for "radical atheism . . . is as rare as radical faith."

Such forthright logical reasoning, supported by the massive learning of the author, is sure to produce dissent among those whose thinking is still dominated by, or at least not completely liberated from, the prevalent faith in the dogma of automatic progress. It will perhaps be questioned even by those existentialists who acknowledge as their philosophical sires other forbears than does Professor Löwith. But in any case, neither class can afford to ignore the views so cogently and persuasively argued and presented in this masterly work.

MATTHEW SPINKA.

Chicago: *The University of Chicago Press*, 1949.
x-259 pages. \$4.00.

FACULTY NOTES

RESIGNATIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

In view of the resignation of Professor Löwith to join the Faculty of the New School of Social Research in New York, Professor Sven Nilson, Ph.D. of the Department of Philosophy of Trinity College is appointed Visiting Lecturer in Philosophy and History of Religion in the Hartford Theological Seminary for 1949-50. He is a B.A. and M.A. of the University of Minnesota and received his Ph.D. from Cornell University. He will conduct the course in Philosophy of Religion the first semester; and the course in the History of Religion and also a Seminar in the second semester. We are most grateful to Trinity College for permitting this highly satisfactory arrangement.

Just before his departure in the spring of 1947, Dr. Malcolm S. Pitt, then dean of the Kennedy School of Missions, urgently requested that he be relieved of the Deanship in order to devote his entire time to the India Department. At that time he was persuaded to carry on for one year after his return. At the end of this academic year (1948-1949) he was moved conscientiously to the decision that he could not longer carry the double load, and tendered his resignation as Dean. At the spring meeting of the Trustees held on May 31 of this year, his resignation was regretfully accepted. Dr. Pitt will henceforth devote all his efforts to the development of the India Department of the Kennedy School of Missions.

In Dr. Pitt's place as Dean, the Trustees appointed Dr. Robert T. Parsons. Dr. Parsons is already familiar with the duties of the Dean's office, having discharged them as Acting Dean through the year of Dr. Pitt's absence. He will continue to serve as Professor in the Africa Department.

SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS

President Stafford's journeyings since the first of the year have taken him to alumni meetings in Rochester, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Pasadena and San Mateo (California), and also for a crowded and exciting week in Hawaii. He sailed from San Francisco on the S. S. *CURLINE* on March 4, and landed at Honolulu five days later. In Honolulu he called on many old friends of the Foundation, to bring them up to date as to our work and plans, and received uniformly a gracious and interested welcome. He also visited by air the island of Kauai, where a large luncheon of the local clergy and their wives was given for him at the Yacht Club; and the island of Maui, where he was hospitably entertained by the Richard Ritters in their home on the historic Mission Compound at Wailuku. While in Honolulu he spoke on a number of public occasions, including two weekday services in St. Andrew's Cathedral; the Sunday morning service on March 13 in Central Union Church; the service of ordination and commissioning of Miss Anna Dederen, a Missionary of the American Board, in the Church of the Crossroads, that afternoon; and a union service the same evening in the First Chinese Church, of which Charles Kwock is the Pastor. He left Honolulu by air for the mainland on Wednesday, March 16, and on the following Sunday began a series of four Lenten Sunday services at the Broadway Tabernacle Church in New York.

Professor and Mrs. Alexander C. Purdy extended the Spring vacation to make a hurried trip to Jamaica, flying from Miami to Kingston and return. The occasion was the meeting of the Friends World Committee for Consultation, American Section, of which Professor Purdy is the Chairman, followed by the annual meeting of Jamaican Quakers. In addition to presiding at the Committee meetings where the principal consideration was the planning for a world conference of Friends to be held in England in 1952, Professor Purdy preached on Easter Sunday at Seaside and gave a number of addresses at the Yearly Meeting. The Quakers have established two secondary schools in different parts of the island and have a number of small churches. Begun as a missionary effort about fifty years ago the Jamaican Friends are now almost entirely a self-supporting and indigenous church. One of the most interesting and encouraging aspects of the work is the interracial character of the groups. While the majority of the members are Negro there are also East Indians and a sprinkling

of Caucasians. The Purdy's found the reputed beauty of the island of Jamaica not to be exaggerated. The prevailingly mountainous country with its profusion of cocoanut palms, bananas and sugar cane and all manner of tropical fruits—all cooled by the Trade Winds—made the country seem a veritable fairy land. On the other hand, the extreme poverty of the masses of people and their great need of education, sanitation, and a higher standard of living emphasized the continuing need of a vital and practical religious faith. Dr. and Mrs. Purdy will not soon forget motoring on the winding, mountainous roads with the horn constantly tooting and men, women, children, goats, burros, mules and dogs scurrying to safety while not a woman or child unbalanced for an instant the loads carried so gracefully on their heads.

Professor Karl Löwith attended the Congress of Philosophy, March 30th to April 9th, which was organized by the University of Cuyo in the lovely city of Mendoza, Argentina, in the foothills of the Andes. He presented two papers, one on Existentialism, another on Philosophy of History. About 200 scholars from 19 countries were present. Most of them were from Europe and South America. The languages used in the papers and discussions were Spanish, Italian, French and German. A staff of assistants did excellent work in translation. There were special sessions on metaphysics, ethics, psychology, social and political philosophy, logic and epistemology and existentialism. The plenary sessions dealt with the philosophy of mind, philosophical anthropology, contemporary philosophy in Spain, France, Italy, Germany and North America, and again with existentialism. On the last day commemorations of the centenaries of F. Suarez, Goethe and G. Varona were held.

Although M. Heidegger himself could not be present, the immense influence of his work "Time and Being" was felt throughout the sessions and in all the fields of research. The central theme and focus of the discussions was decidedly existentialism. The speakers who opposed it were learned Roman-Catholic priests from Argentina, Spain and Italy. They claimed that Thomism is the true existentialism. Marxists were absent.

The discussions were as free as they were keen and passionate. The Anglo-Saxon habit of gentle understatement was absent. The outspokenness and intellectual vivacity, together with excursions into the

marvellous Andes, excellent food and wine, and the cheerful and generous temper of the Argentine hosts made the Congress interesting, stimulating and pleasant.

Professor Löwith had the pleasure of meeting in Mendoza many German friends whom he had not seen for 15 years, especially an Argentine professor from the University of Buenos Aires who had studied with him in Marburg 25 years ago.

Mr. Johnston (Associate Professor of New Testament and Church History) flew to California on April 9th to spend Holy Week with Dr. Henry David Gray and the Oneonta Church in South Pasadena. He preached five sermons at Oneonta to fine congregations and saw something of the vital youth work being carried on there with such success. On Good Friday he was with Ray Waser in Pasadena and gave the meditation at the evening service. At the beginning of Easter Week he lectured at the Convocation of the Southern California and South-West Congregational Conference on "*The Fulfilment of Time*", "*Life in Time and Beyond Time*" and "*The Church's Task in Our Time*". He reports very lively discussions on theological issues and a warm fellowship of ministers. The golf at Long Beach and Meadowlark was especially enjoyable. Professor Dan Williams of Chicago also lectured at this Convocation and he shared with Mr. Johnston the leadership of a Conference at Sierra Madre (April 23-24) for students and young people of student age. The theme here was "*Christian Life Work*" and several of the students were interested to learn about the opportunities afforded by our Foundation. This was Mr. Johnston's first visit to the West and he found time to explore the neighborhood of Los Angeles, saw a film being shot on location at a Spanish Mission, ascended Mount Wilson (by automobile!), and visited the famous Huntington Library. In Pasadena also he met one of his former Congregation in St. Andrews, Scotland. Several Hartford alumni and alumnae, with members of Oneonta Church, met with him at a reception in the home of Mrs. Carl Grunewald. Mr. Johnston returned to the campus by air on April 25th, much heartened and refreshed by his experiences.

Professor Herbert H. Farmer, who taught Christian Doctrine and Ethics at the Hartford Theological Seminary from 1931 to 1935, has been elected the successor to Professor C. Harold Dodd as the Norris-Hulse Professor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge.

SECOND-MILE TEACHING*

This past year as I visited the Universities at Aberdeen, St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh, I asked members of the faculties in the divinity colleges, "What makes a minister?" I asked this question, also, in conversation with the many ministers I met at the St. Andrews School of Theology which meets annually in June, and while participating in the work of the Iona Community on the Isle of Iona.

"Is it his preaching?" I asked.

"We have few great preachers, today. Some popular preachers; but few who really have the gift," the professors would reply.

"Is it scholarship?" I asked. They answered that scholarship is desirable, but is not the gift of many, and often makes professors rather than ministers.

"Is it any one thing or any number of things you can name?" I asked. "Personal qualities, education, background, religious experience?"

"All of these, and probably more," they would reply. "We don't know surely. We do believe we help or we would not be here. We think it is in his call, his sense of vocation. We are here to help him meet that call."

To help the degree candidate to meet that call, and to help him to be a minister of the Word in the Church of Jesus Christ, the Church of Scotland is contributing to the support of professors of practical theology in the divinity colleges. These professors are an evident link, a part of a bridge to bring the candidate to an awareness of what his ministry will be in the church and the world.

Both faculty members and ministers in the Church of Scotland were of the opinion that the minister's "education" began long before graduate school. It began down in the parishes, in Christian homes, in local churches, in Sunday Schools, youth work, and in personal conclaves with ministers. It was their opinion that divinity colleges are quite dependent upon the quality of the material the church gives them to educate, plus the strength of the call which grips the candidate. (This is in my experience, is as true in our American theological seminaries as it is in Scotland.)

The outreach of a theological seminary beyond student days is impor-

* Impressions of a semester in Scotland by Professor Paul Ross Lynn.

ant. The books a faculty produces are but one means of conveying to the minister what he cannot leave his parish to learn. Another way is by visits and correspondence, and by special lectures, seminars, and institutes. This is teaching in the parish rather than in the classroom; and every member of any faculty finds himself involved in it to a greater or lesser degree. It might be called the "second mile" of teaching.

It was evident the Scottish divinity colleges were seeking many ways to supplement their work by offering ministers in the parish opportunities to renew or add to their knowledge. Two experiences in this second-mile teaching I would report. The first was the St. Andrews School of Theology under the auspices of the divinity college faculty of this university. Eighty-five ministers from all over Scotland were assembled from Monday to Friday. Undoubtedly the ancient golf courses were an added fillip; but the men were met to hear lectures about and to discuss "The Modern Assault on Mansoul". They met mornings for brief devotions followed by two lectures, then luncheon, another lecture at 5:30, and another at 8:00 p. m.

The subjects treated were: "The Threat to Liberty, Human Nature in the Old Testament, Calvinism as a Social and Political Force, What is Original Human Nature, The Freudian Conception of Man, Our Inner Conflicts, Jesus and the Humanists, The Marxist Conception of Man, The Threat to Our Culture and Civilisation, Spiritual Healing of Neurotic Conflicts, Religion and the Achievement of Personality, and Jesus and the Gospel."

These subjects were lectured upon by professors from St. Andrews and three guest professors (one from Aberdeen, another from England, and a third from Canada). More even than among a gathering of American ministers, pipe smoking was the evident badge of piety. The theme was a broad cover topic, and the tensions of the war and the post-war world were evident in the ensuing discussion.

The lecturers were seldom interrupted during a lecture, but the points they scored were enthusiastically punctuated by the listeners' custom of tapping their heavy-soled boots. The general accord in the group blended a keen concern and an honest appreciation of the work the lecturer had done. The School of Theology in its way is not unlike what is done at Hartford Theological Seminary in the fall Convocation for Ministers, but the Scottish School extends over a longer

period of time and brings to the parish ministers the point of view of many more of the outstanding men of the church.

The other example of second-mile teaching was experienced during my week on the Isle of Iona. There some of the ministers in the Church of Scotland (rather than the divinity professors) have taken the leadership and set up a program of work and study and worship under the great theme of the Iona Community, "We Shall Rebuild". It is intended to educate laymen and clergymen together into deeper Christian practice and wider witness. The old pattern of life is broken, it is emphasized, so that an adjustment by the church is necessary if it is to regain influence and aid in the establishment of the new social order.

The Iona Community is a movement and a fellowship rather than just a place on the map; and it symbolizes for many Christian people in Scotland the courageous facing of the secular assault on Mansoul. This movement is called "a mission to themselves". It is vigorous and therefore under sharp criticism from some of the leaders in the church. Its founder and present leader George MacLeod is a tall, dynamic Scot of military carriage, with great humor and snapping prophetic eyes. The heart of the Community is the Isle of Iona, where members and interested guests visit during the three summer months. The roster of visitors is beginning to read like "Who's Who in the World Church". The Iona Community is run with almost monastic simplicity. Bible study, special lectures, and worship both individual and corporate, are balanced by periods of physical labor. The rebuilding of the abbey refectory now has absorbed some of your writer's energy. The worship continues to emphasize the theme that unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. At worship, too, regularly each week, there is special opportunity for dedication or re-dedication in Christian life. The saving grace of such a movement is difficult to estimate; but its practice, while dramatic at times, is bringing the mind of all Scotland to a deeper concern for the church and its ministry.

The doctrine of the healing power of the ministry of Christ is given a strong emphasis at Iona. The professors, ministers, medical doctors and laymen who come and go constantly all summer give very serious thought to it. It is reflected in a regular weekly service of healing, when prayers are offered for individuals. The pioneer in this field, "Jim" Wilson of the Church of England, lectured each evening on this theme. He emphasized not a physical or bodily healing as such,

but the healing of the soul. The producing of the whole man in Christ is not taken lightly, but appears to be a reflection of a more basic effort within the Community to re-establish a faith in the power of the spirit, and the ancient ministers' command to exercise it. Recognizing how easily people are misled to hope falsely for physical healing, as though that were the greater need, nevertheless the Community is seeking to discover the various spiritual conditions which bring peace to the spirit, and often thereafter health to the body.

These are two ways by which second-mile teaching is being accomplished in Scotland. There are many others. What is important to us is that the professors and ministers in Scotland are seeking, even as we are here in America, to strengthen and uphold the ministry of the church by carrying the university out into the parishes, where its graduates are at work.

It is true that I never received a final answer to the question, "What makes a minister?" But the answer is at least partially contained in this emphasis: a real awareness of his call; a continuing of spiritual and intellectual growth; an effective interpreting of the problems of his day in the light of the Gospel; and a sense of fellowship with other ministers and laymen.

